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PRESBYTERIAN SECESSION MISSIONS.

AN ADDRESS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE Secession church in Ulster had a missionary character from its first establishment. Its founders were men who, in the spirit of the apostolic age, left home and all its endearments, to encounter unnumbered hardships, and even persecution, in a land of strangers. The God of the apostles was with them, and his blessing rested on their labours. No small proportion of the sound doctrinal principle, and godly practice, to be found in Ulster at the present day, may be traced to the fathers of the Secession. They were mighty in word and in deed: the purity of their doctrine shone forth in the holiness of their lives; and such an abundant blessing was poured out upon their ministry, that, in some cases, notwithstanding the blighting influence of ungodly successors in the ministerial office, the fruits of righteousness continue still to flourish among the sons, and sons' sons, of those whom they trained for glory.

Ulster, oppressed by the error and immorality of the pulpit, cried to the land of Erskine and Knox for help, and she sent them the Secession. The reception which the fathers of the Secession met gave a melancholy proof how much their services were needed. A few holy men, in different districts, received them with open arms; but many despised and abhorred them. Through good report and bad report they carried forward their Master's work; truth spread; church discipline revived; congregations were organized; and in the establishment of the Secession in Ireland there arose a new era in ecclesiastical history. The fathers of the Secession trusted in Him who said, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto

the end of the world," and they were never deceived. Cut off from the riches and the patronage of an establishment, and going forth as humble Dissenters among the poor of the people, the poor of the people heard them gladly. They lived poor, though contented, in the midst a people who loved them, their lives were wholly devoted to their Master's work; and the living truth preached from their pulpits, and spoken in their daily conversations, proved itself mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, and bringing every thought into the obedience of Christ. With the truth as it is in Jesus as the weapon of their warfare they feared no enemy: they found Christianity to have within itself abundant resources for its support and propagation; they trusted not for success in man's institutions, or man's devices; but maintaining in simplicity the institutions of Christ, and leaning on the arm that is mighty to save, they went on from victory to victory; and through their instrumentality, mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed. In the same spirit of diffusive Christianity which sent them from home they went every where, preaching the word; and it only remained for their successors to fill up, during a course of years, the mighty outline which their fathers had drawn.

They who had long been famishing on the empty husks of a frozen and barren morality, betook themselves to the fathers of the Secession, and had their souls filled as with marrow and fatness: those who had long mourned over prostituted church communion, and wept to see the wild beast of the field, and the boar of the forest, wasting Zion at pleasure;—those, in a word, who sighed and cried for all the abominations done in the land, rallied round these men of God; and Ulster, which had so long been a parched wilderness, became, in many of its districts, as a garden of the Lord.

We desire to bring these facts to the recollection of our brother Seceders of the present day, to animate and cheer them on in the blessed work of Missions, to which they have lately devoted themselves with renewed zeal. We have given but a passing hint of what our fathers were, and what our fathers did, but even this will make the pulse beat high under many a hoary head, and on it, we have no doubt, will be hung many a tale—many a stirring recollection of bygone days, when young hearts melted in grief, or leaped for joy, under the tender pathos of a Tennent or a Carmichael, or the fervid appeals of a Clarke.

It may be that we would look in vain for such men now.

No man, perhaps, of the present day was with any of them, in the high sphere of his holy walk with God, to take up his fallen mantle when he ascended to glory; but let us not therefore despair. The word of God is as true, the offers of his mercy as free, and the influence of his spirit as mighty, as ever. Ireland in her present circumstances demands our whole energy. Error is all awake; Popery has girded on her armour. In what strength shall we go forth to meet this mighty array? Shall mere political artillery save us? Shall we trust for safety to an ecclesiastical sect, however powerful, whose government and institutions we believe not to be agreeable to the word of God? In a word, shall we trust, in the hour of danger, to the power and wisdom of God, or to the weakness and folly of man? However the foolish may vociferate, or the crafty may declaim, cursed, says God, be the man that trusteth in man, or maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. We should not wait till to-morrow to renounce Protestanism, and Christianity too, did we not believe that they have within themselves a principle of immortal life, and that their professors have but to go forth with the word of truth on their tongues, and the spirit of love in their hearts, to overcome all the powers of earth and of hell. Alas! that so many in our day should have suffered themselves to be turned away from a simple dependence, for safety and victory, on the omnipotent energy of divine grace accompanying the WORD. Alas! that so very many should seem to have forgotten, amidst the rage of political strife, that the Omnipotent himself has said, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." "O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes of the deserts. Ye have not gone up into the gaps, neither made up the hedge for the house of Israel, to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord."

As a preparation for success in missionary enterprize, we desire to fix the minds of the whole Secession church, with unfaltering confidence, on the truth as it is in Jesus, accompanied by the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit.

If our missionaries go forth in any other spirit than that of simple reliance on the influence of divine grace accompanying the truth, we may establish a mighty missionary machinery, and lavish much money, and make a prodigious display; yet, after all, whatever may be our apparent success, it is but the daubing of a wall with untempered mortar, which will surely be broken down to the ground.

A very wide and interesting field of missionary labour lies

around the Presbyterian Synod of Ireland. Even within the bounds which we have long occupied, there are many large districts lamentably destitute of the means of grace. Notwithstanding all that is said of the civilization and the enlightened state of Protestant Ulster, there is in it a mass of ignorance, superstition, and irreligion, sufficient to occupy for years all the missionary energies of all her religious population. It is no doubt most disheartening to find our Roman Catholic neighbours so strongly fortified against the truth, and rendered nearly inaccessible to all means of conversion, by the craft of a selfish priesthood; still, however, it must be acknowledged by Protestants, that we have not employed the means best calculated to win them to the truth. Political rancour has so cursed our country for ages, that even Christians have forgotten that, while we should hate the errors and crimes of our brethren, we should love their souls. The Protestantism of too many, alas! consists in hating Papists; and it is unfortunately too true of many, even of the serious and good, that they suffer their prejudices and antipathies so far to overcome them as to consider it a stigma upon a man's character to bear what is esteemed a Papist name, betokening that he or some of his ancestors had renounced Popery; instead of rejoicing over, and honouring the man who had embraced or maintained the truth. The missionary spirit which has in times past in Ireland attempted to convert Roman Catholics, has been too much that of Simon de Montford, and the crusaders of former days, who attempted to convert the Albigenses by fire and sword,—it has been abusive, it has been irritating, it has wielded the sword of the civil magistrate instead of the sword of the Spirit, and, partaking too much of the old system of attempting to compel men to be religious by civil pains and penalties, it roused to arms, in fierce opposition, as though contending for their hearths and their altars, the men who should have been approached in the spirit of the Gospel of peace, and whose hearts should have been won in the tender and endearing spirit of Him who draws with the cords of love as with the bands of a man. If Seceders wish to make their Roman Catholic neighbours converts to the truth, they must convince them that they really are their friends, detesting their doctrines and practices, but loving their souls, anxious to rescue them from the fangs of their priests, and willing to make the most self-denying sacrifices for the good of their souls.

Dearly as we love Protestantism, we freely acknowledge that there are in Ulster thousands, not of nominal Protestants

merely, but of men who shout louder than any others in support of Protestantism, whose spirit is that of bloodthirsty persecution, and whose lives are infamously immoral.

Now to whom can the Christian world look with such confidence for the regeneration of either or both these masses of iniquity as to the Secession church? Is it the truth of the Bible alone—the truth as it is in Jesus—that can turn to God the bigotted Roman Catholic and the formal immoral Protestant? Where shall we find that truth so clearly expressed as in the standards of the Secession? where so unanimously held, or so harmoniously proclaimed, as by the ministers of the Secession?

Are the Secession people, then, so insensible to the privileges which they enjoy, that they shall use, especially in times like the present, no extraordinary efforts to make others as happy as themselves? Brethren of the Secession, do you delight in the thought that your spiritual instructors are of one accord, one mind? Why should the colonies of deserted Protestants, scattered through the south and west of Ireland, be deprived of the labours of such men as you have it in your power to send them? Brethren of the Secession, do you love the Secession in proportion as you see strictness of discipline exercised, and purity of communion flourishing? Oh why, then, should you suffer your Roman Catholic neighbours to perish daily around you, while in the compact, well-organized church of which you are members, you possess the means, were they but called into exercise, of giving a missionary to every thousand Roman Catholics throughout Ireland. The Secession church in Ireland does not know her strength, for she has never tried it. The missionary efforts which she has made, however respectable they may seem when compared with those of other bodies, are but a drop in the bucket, in comparison with what she could do, were her mighty energies called forth. Our exertions have been so signally blessed in time past, that we may well blush at not having proved our gratitude by multiplying and increasing our efforts a hundred fold. Who that looks to Drogheda, to Newtonstewart, to Enniskillen, to different parts of Donegall, can resist the appeal made to his heart by the providence and grace of God crowning very abundantly our poor exertions? We went out, it must be confessed, with weeping eyes and a trembling heart, but we bore precious seed, and the Lord (blessed be his name!) has brought us again rejoicing, bearing our sheaves with us. The fruit of a handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains,

shakes like Lebanon. There has surely been encouragement for the faintest heart, and the Lord has furnished cheering evidence that there is that scattereth and yet increaseth. It is no matter this, brethren, far away: the men who have been placed in your missionary stations are before you,—some of them among the most talented, faithful, and honoured servants of Jesus which your Synod enrols; you have yourselves a vote by your representatives in the funds which you furnish, the management of the whole is in the hands of ministers and elders—men of your choice; and the sphere of missionary labours is Ireland,—your fathers' land, your own land, your wives' and children's home. We witness with unfeigned pleasure the progress of the revigorating and reviving work of missions, which commenced so auspiciously at the late meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Ireland. Let but this good work go on as it has done in the closing months of the year now past, and not only will the contributions to the fund be increased tenfold, but a fund of Christian charity and missionary spirit will be raised in the hearts of Seceders, which in future years will pour forth an enriching river, on our south and west missions, of that which is far better than gold.

We beseech ministers to engage the activities and the hearts of the young in this blessed work. They will find the cause of truth and holiness greatly promoted by such means in their own congregations. The Committee of our South and West Missions must bestir themselves. Already the young warm zeal of the rising generation of Seceders is away before them. They must publish quarterly reports of the proceedings of their missionaries: they must report progress, and tell what openings in Providence have been presented, what difficulties they have to encounter, what victories they have gained. Let their statements be free from tinsel and exaggeration, containing unadorned, unsophisticated truth; acknowledging their disappointments and defeats, as well as proclaiming their triumphs. It is theirs to organize, to marshal, to lead on the hosts of the Secession. They need wisdom; let us support them by our prayers: they need strength; let their own frequent prayers ascend to Him, through whom they can do all things. We shall try to forget the past if we see them pushing onward—onward still, for the future. Let them attempt great things, expect great things in dependence on divine grace; and the descendants of the Erskines, the men whom Steen, and Mayne, and Rogers, and Arrot trained, will not desert them. The

work is the Lord's; he has blessed it—he will bless it: to him be the glory.

Finally, brethren, farewell! Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.

LIBERTY.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

LIBERTY has been the watchword for a thousand struggles, when the dearest rights of mankind have been invaded, from age to age, by tyrannical oppressors. It was the desire for liberty and the sweets of home that inspired the celebrated retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon. It was this that led Leonidas and his gallant band of Spartan warriors to carry death into the very tents of the Persians under Xerxes, at the expense of their own lives. It was this that marshalled the armies of Greece at Marathon, and her fleets at Salamis; and which, consecrating the memory of the brave, who for their country's cause left their bones to whiten on the battlefield, made

"All earth their monument."

It was liberty whose breath filled the sails of our gallant British fleet when they discomfited the Spanish Armada, within sight of the shores of Britain;—that united the Americans under her patriot Washington, and shook off the yoke of England, when she attempted to play the despot; and it is the spirit of liberty which has preserved to us hitherto our "happy homes and altars free," and has kept untarnished the honour and independence of our country.

There is a natural and necessary hatred of slavery in the human race. Liberty is as sweet to the untutored Indian, who roams at will over his native prairies, as to the Englishman who boasts of civilization and refinement. Fearful, however, are the examples of oppression recorded in the annals of history.

There was the slavery of Egypt, when the whole nation of the Jews were ground down under the unrelenting cruelty of Pharaoh. Picture to yourself, reader, the young and the old toiling under the fierce heat of the sun in that tropical clime. The father's sufferings increased by witnessing those of the

wife of his bosom and the children of his love, while he dare not lift his arm to strike the oppressor to the dust, and while no prospect of reprieve gave promise of a bright and happy day. True, the hour of deliverance did arrive; their cry came up into Jehovah's ear, and he heard and answered; but yet, even after the Red Sea was passed by the Israelites, terrible must have been the recollection of their bondage; and the remembrance of its horrors, even when they were in the wilderness, must have glanced upon their very dreams.

Again, there was the slavery of Persia, similar to that of eastern slaves in the present day, who muster in thousands around the throne of the Sultan, and whose motto is "To hear is to obey." There was the slavery of Sparta—of the Helots, a large class of men deprived of the rights of citizenship, made drunk for the ridicule of children, and massacred in large numbers without remorse. And there was the slavery of Rome, where one citizen might hold from ten to twenty thousand slaves, to be abused and put to death at the will of their master.

But who thinks not, when speaking on this subject of the slavery of the islands of the west, of the bondage of the unhappy sons of Africa, under an atrocious system of cruelty and oppression? This system presents itself before us in two attitudes; first, that of the slave trade, and, second, that of the slavery of the colonies. The slave trade was commenced by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century; but their abominable example was followed by Britons themselves, and the practice of buying and selling human flesh was continued until the year 1807, when, on the motion of the present Earl Grey in the House of Lords, the traffic was declared thenceforward to be piracy, involving the penalty of death to all found engaged in it. Under this system the poor African was torn from his home, which, though rude and barren, was still his home, and separated for ever from his brethren and sisters, who, though like himself, they bore on their bronzed countenances

"The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun,"

were still dear to his soul, and associated with his earliest affections.

But even after the British legislature, impelled by the eloquence of the Wilberforces, the Sharpes, and the Clarksons of the last generation, abolished the slave trade, slavery still continued to hold in its fetters those who had been originally

stolen from their African home, under the atrocities of the "old system;" and on them and their descendants its yoke pressed heavily for many years. And if now, by the efforts of an indignant people, this also is abolished,—if the shackles are struck off from 800,000 of those whom "God has made of one blood" with ourselves, and if the king of England, who before the 1st of August, 1834, was a king of slaves in the West Indies, now reigns there as a king of freemen, still the record of the past, stamping itself on the pages of this earth's chronicles, must teach posterity how precious—how invaluable is the boon of freedom.

But yet, amid all this, we come to bring before the reader the true liberty of which the Scriptures inform us. And above all the din of arms that clash in the fight, above all the clamour of the nations who, in worshipping liberty, frequently "worship they know not what," we proclaim that civil liberty cannot properly exist without religious freedom—unless there be experienced something of the influences of His spirit, who came to preach "liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison door to them that are bound." Look we at the history of modern times. Take, for instance, the example of the first French Revolution. Then liberty was the theme of orators and poets, and was worshipped by the hearts and lips of all. But this liberty was licentiousness; this liberty was the daughter of hell, who established her empire among dead men's bones. Her champions, the Robespierres and the Marats, were monsters in human form, under whose atrocious sway, the guillotine and the executioner hourly received their victims. And at the close of those woes to which the Revolution had given birth, and which terminated on the plains of Waterloo, it was found that five millions of Frenchmen were sacrificed to the madness of supposing that the pursuit of civil liberty, independent of religious freedom, could lead to any other consequence than to misery unparallelled—to reeking desolation and death.

The spirit of the Scripture is in opposition to all this. The taunt is just, "while men boast of liberty they themselves are the slaves of corruption;" and the whole is beautifully summed up in the words which form the motto of the Christian Freeman, and which, penned as they were by the Christian Cowper, carry with them all the dignity of acknowledged sincerity,—

> "He is the Freeman whom the truth makes free,
> And all are slaves besides."

The true theatre wherein the liberty which bears on it the stamp of Heaven exhibits its workings, is the heart of man;—in its unconverted state, a cage of unclean birds; but which, in the hour of conversion, the Spirit of the Lord makes his temple, gradually bringing every thought and desire into subjection to the law of Christ." And even as the glory of Solomon's temple consisted not in the splendour of the architecture, which stood forth in bright and beautiful relief on the heights of Zion, nor yet in the vast treasure of massive gold which it contained within its walls, but in the Shechinah of Glory, the visible emblem of Jehovah's presence, filling its holy of holies; so, in like manner, the glory of man consists not in the exercise of those natural faculties which are often devoted to the service of the Devil, but in the residence of the Spirit of grace, and truth, and love, sanctifying and ennobling the heart by his presence.

There is one text, reader, which appears to me to contain the sum of the Scripture doctrine of Christian freedom, of the true emancipation of the soul from the fetters of Satan, of sin, and of sloth; and it is the following remarkable declaration, which is recorded in 2 Cor. iii. 17,—"*Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.*" Let us take this as our motto, while we examine the liberty which the presence and the inhabitation of the Spirit gives to every child of God. While you read, ask yourself, Have I received this liberty? If you are conscious that you have not received it, then struggle earnestly after it, and cry mightily to God, to grant the teaching of his Spirit to lead and guide you into all truth; for, be assured of it, without this you cannot be safe—you cannot be happy. If, on the other hand, you have indeed good reason to believe that this liberty is yours, and that "your feet have been set in a large room," then join with me in humble gratitude and say,—"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever!"

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is,—

I. Liberty to believe.

There is a testimony in the sacred volume, which, if men would believe, they would assuredly be saved. The testimony is this,—that "God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." It is the receiving of this record, simple as it may appear, when it is believed "with the very heart unto righteousness," that has secured the salvation of thousands whose spirits are now before the throne: it is this which has furnished the world, from age to age, with the patriarchs, pro-

phets, apostles, martyrs, and holy men, who have honoured and ennobled humanity: and it is this which shall finally people, with "a multitude which no man can number," the regions of immortality.

Simple, however, as this testimony may appear, and though it sums up in itself the Gospel, "the glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," yet it is too humbling to the pride of the natural heart, for men, of themselves, to submit to it; and hence it is, that "they go about to establish their own righteousness, and will not submit themselves to the righteousness of God."

This is the reason why those systems have been devised, which either set aside the Saviour's atonement altogether, or will only permit him to share half the honour with man in the work of salvation. Hence the ridicule which has been thrown on the doctrines of grace—doctrines which ascribe to God *every thing*, and to man nothing; and which derive the enforcement of duty, not from a cold and barren principle of morality which heathen philosophers might have taught, and which the Gospel can never recognize,—but from a principle of communicated love, by which the whole heart is swayed to glorify God and delight in holy exercises, and which produces an obedience breathing and burning with the spirituality of Heaven.

Hence, too, has arisen the *system of popery* which attaches importance to pilgrimages, and penances, and holy wells; which flatters the sinner by establishing refuges of lies, and which "teaches for doctrines the commandments of men." Oh! *that* is a system which contains in itself the elements of its own destruction, for it stamps the epithet of *folly* on the plan of recovery which Jehovah has devised. And, therefore, let none be discouraged by the gigantic strides which popery seems to be making over the land, for the hour of its final ruin comes with tempest speed, and through the arches of heaven shall yet be heard the joyful cry, "Babylon is fallen! is fallen! to rise no more at all!"

It has been well said "*that every man is born a papist;*" for even as Popery concentrates in itself all the Devil's cunning in its adaptation to the hopes and fears of the natural man, so under its influence, acting on the heart, every man who is alarmed by the terrors of the wrath to come, but who has not fled for refuge to Jesus, eagerly desires to do something to merit the divine favour, to bring something in his hand to assist, at least, in his own salvation. Is there any reader who,

though he may abhor the name of popery, is yet trusting to his tears, his prayers, his frames, his decencies of religious observance, and leans not simply and entirely on the finished work of the "Lord our righteousness?" then we brand upon that man the name of *Papist*, shrink from it though he may; and we tell him, if he continue thus, he must finally receive the sentence of eternal condemnation from the lips of that Saviour whom he now dishonours and degrades.

If there be a single reader who has felt the blessed presence of the converting Spirit, he will acknowledge with thanksgiving and joy, that now there is liberty to believe. He knows that of himself he could never have believed; he no longer regrets that he was not permitted to go half way to Christ, so that he might not have the humiliation of waiting for his coming *all the way* to snatch him from ruin and despair. With the simplicity of a little child he sits at the feet of Jesus; and in accepting the Gospel remedy he feels that this is "all his salvation and all his desire!"

But where the spirit of the Lord is there is

II. Liberty to love. Once the converted sinner *heard* that "this was love, not that we loved God but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins;" now he *believes* it; and his language is that of Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." His love is stimulated by the exhibition of love unparalleled on the Saviour's cross, to which the eye of faith is turned; and thus he is enabled "to comprehend with all saints, something of the height and depth, and length and breadth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that he may be filled with all the fulness of God." And now, under the influence of this spiritual emancipation he loves God, as centering in himself all possible perfection, as most to be admired for that unsullied holiness, from which, in his state of natural alienation, he instinctively shrunk. He loves Jesus, as God manifest in the flesh, as the great High Priest who has bought him with his blood, and who sympathizes with him continually. He is precious to his soul, "the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely," because the love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him.

In immediate connexion with this love, also, there is spiritual joy. Joy arising from a sense of deliverance; joy arising from the consciousness of reconciliation and pardon, so that the believer can say, "O Lord, though thou wast angry with me,

thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." Joy resulting from a belief of the tidings of mercy; like the pulse of gladness which the arrival of a courier shoots through the arteries of a mighty city, when he brings the news of the overthrow of a powerful invader. Thus there is to the converted sinner a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

But where the Spirit is there is

III. Liberty to pray. The sinner may have been taught to use the words of prayer from his earliest years. To the form he first heard from his mother's lips, he may have afterwards added a few scattered and unconnected petitions; and the power of early education, and the influence of natural conscience, may have been so great, that he seldom dared to return to sleep without, at least, muttering the words, as a sorceress would an incantation or a charm. Is there no reader of this character? Is there none who thus, from the goodness of a conscience partially enlightened by religious education, is *impelled* to go through the forms of devotion? Ah, if there be, what a fearful drudgery is his! The fetter is eating into your soul, and yet you cannot shake it off. You know not the happiness of possessing the Spirit's liberty for prayer; and you have not yet tasted the sweetness of holding communion with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ.

To the converted man, when the Spirit of grace and supplication is fully given, prayer is irksome no more. He goes to God without slavish dread, because he feels that he is "accepted in the Beloved," that, "if he confess his sins, He is faithful and just to forgive him his sins, and to cleanse him from all unrighteousness." He regards God no longer with cold indifference, but with filial love; and, having the Spirit of adoption in his heart, bearing witness with his spirit that he is a child of God, he cries Abba, Father. He looks not on God as Jehovah the Judge, robed in the attributes of his terrible justice, and "in consuming fire," but he looks upon him as *God in Christ* reconciling the world, and reconciling him to himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses.

Reader! unless the natural enmity of your heart has been subdued by divine grace, you have never truly prayed. "Behold he prayeth" was said of Paul after his conversion, but it was not said of him till then, although he frequently, like the Pharisees, had "made long prayers;" yet all this time he was an enemy to Christ, and his cause; and, therefore, his "was the prayer of the wicked, which is an abomination to the Lord." Do we really value prayer as a privilege, and regard it as a de-

lightful exercise? Do we rejoice in nearness to the throne when we possess it; and do we long anxiously for its return, if it has departed from us? How shall we act if we have reason to conclude that, having once believed, we have thus departed from our first love? Let us daily bewail it before God. We have restrained prayer, and therefore the Spirit of prayer has departed from us. We are bowing down before the world and its idols which once we renounced, and we are giving them the homage of our affections, when God alone should occupy the throne of the heart. Let us beware of chastisement for this, and let us see our Heavenly Father's displeasure in this withdrawment of "His free Spirit." Humble yourselves under his mighty hand, that in due time you may be exalted. "Return to the Lord with weeping and with mourning, and rend your hearts, and not your garments, seeing that he is of great mercy, and repenteth him of the evil."

There is one consideration on this subject, of not seeking to acquire and exercise more largely the liberty of the Spirit in prayer, which ought to affect us deeply. It is, that thereby we prevent the copious outpourings of grace upon ourselves and others. It manifests a want of faith which dishonours God. For what saith the Scripture? Are our minds agitated by distressing fears? Then, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God." And mark the blessed result. "The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." The promise in reference to spiritual comfort, and deliverance from a sense of guilt and wrath, is as rich and full as the invitation is merciful. "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

IV. Where conversion takes place, there is liberty given by the Spirit of God to read the written word with profit and delight. And, oh, what a change is here! How irksome to the unconverted man is the reading of the Bible! How uninteresting, or rather how repulsive and unpalatable are its searching appeals! He may read its narratives, because that, considered merely as historical compositions—as specimens of biography—they are very striking and beautiful. He may admire its style, and be dazzled with its magnificent imagery and lofty descriptions; but of all this, even the infidel is capable. At length, however, "the set time for favour" arrives. His eyes are opened, like the blind man in the Gospel; and in reference to the word of God, he finds that, "whereas he was

blind, now he sees." He has received a spiritual eye to discern its beauty; he has been given a spiritual taste to relish its sweetness; and he now eagerly partakes of the heavenly manna, which on the Gospel table is served up before him.

By the true Christian, who joyously recognizes God as his Father and friend, the plainest statement of the sacred volume must be received with reverence and affection; but when he finds a faithfulness of portraiture, and a delineation of every feeling of the heart, of which the spiritually illuminated eye must at once recognize the justness, then he has fresh reason for prizing it, and as one by one its truths present themselves, *broad and large*, before him, he recognizes the massive gold of the treasury of Heaven.

Reader, do *you* prize thus the written word? Do you feel that David was *not a liar* or *a fool* when he said that it was "more desirable than gold, yea than much fine gold; sweeter, also, than honey and the honeycomb"? "Have you hid it in your heart that you offend not against God"? Is it your constant companion, and to you, indeed, the *first and best of books?* Let conscience answer, and remember that "if your heart condemn you, God is greater than your heart and knoweth all things."

Let Christians beware of indulging in any species of reading which, however otherwise attractive and instructive, would diminish their estimate of the oracles of God. While they rejoice that they live in a land wherein the press pours forth a multitude of religious works, by which their minds may be invigorated and their souls refreshed, let them remember that all their excellence is derived from the study of the letter and spirit of Scripture itself. Who would draw water always from the stream, muddy and shallow it may be, when he may at once repair to the pure and exhaustless fountain?

We have yet a wide field before us, in treating of this liberty imparted to the believer by the Spirit of God. Our space does not permit us to enter further on the subject at present. In our next, we shall notice the liberty the Christian enjoys in his state of spiritual emancipation to walk with and obey God—to give to him of his time, his influence, and his means—to work for him, and to hold communion with him in the ordinances of his grace. Meantime may God acknowledge and bless this feeble effort in his cause!

N———. W.

REPROOF.

THERE is so much pride in men that there is nothing to which they manifest a greater aversion than to a course of plain dealing. You may say as much as you please to flatter their vanity, and may go further than truth will warrant, and all will be received with the smile of approbation; but touch their faults, and you will immediately perceive the kindlings of resentment. Wounded pride will not endure the admonitions of the kindest friend, without grief, sensitiveness, and perhaps anger. However merited the rebuke, and however just the reason you have for passing censure, it matters not; it cannot bear the idea of being lowered in the estimation of others, neither will it consider the reprimand in any other light than an insult.

To take the advantage of this moral defect in man, and to ascertain the most successful way of removing his faults, and at the same time of saving him from their recurrence, are objects of highest importance to his present and future felicity. If we expect to succeed in this difficult, and in many respects unpleasant work, we must enter upon it understandingly.

We should remember that the first thing we have to do is to save the offender. It is not to give place to indignant feelings, nor to indulge a spirit like those of old, who were for calling for fire to come down from heaven, to consume those who do what we disapprove, but to win them over from their wrong course; to save them from their sins, and if possible to lead them along to heaven. No other motive should govern us in the discharge of this duty than that of love, pure love to to the souls of our fellow men. If we hate sin as sin, because it is "exceedingly sinful," and at the same time love the sinner, and love him as a brother, as the purchase of a Redeemer's blood, we may discharge the duty with results as honourable to ourselves as they will be beneficial to him.

We should be extremely careful before we undertake to pull the mote from from our brother's eye, to have the beam removed from our own. It will be worse than useless for us to undertake to cure others of evils, while we allow the same or worse in ourselves. We cannot be too particular in examining our hearts previous to our engaging in this critical business. There should be no self-adulation while we think that we have not been guilty of what we reprove in others; no pique or prejudice suffered to influence us; neither should we suffer our-

selves to be actuated by any other than the mild and benevolent spirit of the Gospel. It would be well for us, whenever it is practicable, to spend some little time in prayer before entering on the duty; so doing, we may carry with us a portion of the spirit which we may receive at the throne of grace, and this, if any thing, will insure our success.

Much will depend on *the time* in which we do the duty: for ill-timed reproof will not only do much injury, but it will so prejudice the minds of the reproved against us, as to effectually prevent our future usefulness to them. Then, in order to succeed, we must take the time for the performance of the duty, which in our best judgment, is the most suitable and proper. Our own convenience should not be consulted, but the state of feeling on the subject. We often err here, and much to the injury of the individual, if not to the whole church. Being burdened with the duty, we feel in a hurry to get through with it and have it off our mind. We accordingly embrace the first opportunity convenient for ourselves, without considering the state of the one with whom we are to labour. Going to him at an unsuitable time, a time when his mind is irritated, disappointed, or perplexed, we only add fuel to the fire, and instead of reclaiming a brother for whom Christ died, we destroy him by our indiscretion.

To guard effectually against every thing that would prevent our success in reclaiming and saving our brother, we must mind the *place* as well as the time. If the fault is not public, and he has done *us* an injury, the Gospel directions is plain—"Tell him his fault between thee and him *alone*." By going into retirement, and beginning the interview by confession and prayer, we shall be far more likely to succeed in having every difficulty settled, and in having peace and harmony restored between us. Retirement and prayer are favourable to results like these. Other offences are to be treated differently. We are to imitate the example of the first Christians,—"Ye who are spiritual, *restore* such an one in the spirit of meekness."

Our manner should be particularly guarded. There should be nothing in it that affects a sour sanctity; nothing like scolding and fault finding; nothing harsh or overbearing; but the entire reverse of them all. We should remember that we are not without fault ourselves, and have much that should humble us before God, and keep us in the right place, while we reprove others. And instead of thinking to drive men to do good, we should govern ourselves by the apostolic direction —"Of some have *compassion*—others save with *fear*." Thus

while they perceive by our manner that we are actuated by none other than the tenderest Christian feelings toward them, and that what we say is said humbly, conscientiously, and kindly, they will receive it in the spirit of meekness and penitence, and profit by it; leaving us with the comfortable reflection—THOU HAST GAINED THY NEIGHBOUR!—*N. E. Christian Herald.*

JACOB'S LADDER.

A WELCH clergyman, invited to assist in the ordination of a minister in some part of England, was appointed to deliver the address to the church and congregation; and having been informed that their previous minister suffered much from pecuniary embarrassment, although the church was fully able to support him comfortably, he took the following singular method of administering reproof:

In his address to the church he remarked, "You have been praying, no doubt, that God would send you a man after his own heart, to be your pastor. You did well. God, we hope, has heard your prayer, and given you such a minister as he approves, who will go in and out before you, and feed your souls with the bread of life. But now that you have prayed for a minister, and God has given you one to your mind, you have something more to do; you must take care of him, and in order to his being happy among you, I have been thinking you have need to pray again. 'Pray again! pray again! What, what should we pray again for?" Well, I think you have need to pray again. 'But for what?' Why, I'll tell you. Pray that God would put Jacob's ladder down to the earth again. 'Jacob's ladder! Jacob's ladder! What has Jacob's ladder to do with our minister'? Why, I think if God would put Jacob's ladder down, that your minister could go up to heaven on the Sabbath evening, after preaching, and remain all the week, then he could come down every Sabbath morning so spiritually minded and so full of heaven, that he could preach to you almost like an angel. 'Oh yes, that may be very well, and if it were possible, we should like it; but then, we need our minister through the week, to attend prayer meetings, visit the sick, hear experience, give advice, &c. &c. and therefore must have him always with us; we want the whole of his time and attention.' That may be, and I will admit the daily necessity of his attention to your concerns; but then you will remember, that if he remains here he must have food and

clothing; and I have been told that your former minister was often wanting the common necessaries of life, while many of you can enjoy its luxuries; and therefore, I thought if God would put Jacob's ladder down, your present minister might preach to you on the Sabbath, and by going up into heaven after the services of the day, save you the painful necessity of supporting him."

WHAT RELIGION WILL DO.

In New York lived a little boy, who appeared to take but little or no interest in learning, so that he was pronounced a very dull scholar by his teachers. He learned to read but very slowly, and finally neglected his school, thinking he could never be able to read. There was a Bible class organized, which he was induced to attend. And here his interest soon began to be made manifest by his study of Scripture. He learned to read well, which much astonished his father, who was a very wicked man. One Sabbath his father took some nails and a hammer to nail up a fence, when he was reproved by his little son, who told him how wrong it was to work on a Sabbath day, and asked why he did not attend meeting. The enraged father drove him from his presence, and threatened to whip him if he ever talked in that way again. The child went away sorrowful, no doubt, to pour his prayers into the bosom of that Saviour who hears the youngest child who comes to him in sincerity and truth. Not long after this, as the little boy returned from meeting, he went and looked over his father's shoulder, and observed that he was reading Hume's History of England. He went into the middle of the room and said, "Father, where do you expect to go when you die?" Such a question from such a child could not be borne. Said he, "Away from my presence immediately, or I will whip you." The child retired; but the father was troubled. He went to walk, but still a load was pressing on his agonized soul. He thought of attending meeting, for nothing else seemed so necessary for him to do, to be released from his troubled feelings. While the minister was at prayer, he entered; and that day was the beginning of better days to him. He sought from his God forgiveness of sins, and soon obtained the hope of eternal life. Now he could not threaten his dear boy, who had been the instrument of leading him to Christ; but with him, doubtless, united in supplicating the blessing of Heaven.

A few years passed away, and the old man was on his dying bed. His son attended him, constantly ministering to his spiritual wants. To a minister from whom I received this account, the father said, "I am dying, but I am going to heaven; and *that* boy has been the instrument of saving my soul." Soon his spirit was released to be welcomed, as we have no reason to doubt, into the mansions of glory. Happy child! to be the instrument of saving his father from death! Happy parent! to be blest with such a child!

Last year, as all my readers will remember, was a distressing season to the inhabitants of the city of New York. For there the cholera raged for a number of weeks. Among the victims was the mother of this boy. While she lay upon her bed, this child would kneel beside her, and pray for her, and encourage her to trust in God. To the minister who called to see them, he said, "I shall soon be an orphan—soon be friendless in the world." The mother died, but the boy did not forget the promises of God to the orphan. In him he trusted; and he has never sent away a single soul unblest, who went to him in time of trouble. The child still lives, an honour to the Christian character and the church of Christ.—*Sabbath School Magazine.*

QUESTIONS.

"PAPA," said Charles, peeping into the parlour, where his father was sitting, "it is getting too dark to play; will you let us come here, and ask us questions?"

"Very well," said Mr. Butler, "come in, and we will talk a little before the candles come."

Soon the children were seated. Frederick and Sophia on the sofa, to the right and left of their papa; Charles on a stool at his feet, and little Alfred on his knee.

"Now for your question, if you please, papa," said Frederick.

"My question," said Mr. Butler, "is, When is a man rich?"

"What a funny question, papa!" said Alfred.—"I should say when he has plenty of money."

"Depend upon it, Alfred," said Sophia, "that is not the answer; it is rather too plain."

"But it is true, for all that," said Alfred. "Don't you call Mr. Radford a rich man? I am sure he has plenty of money."

"He is rich *here*, Alfred," said his father "but suppose he was cast away upon a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe, would you call him rich *then?*"

Alfred. Why not, papa?

Charles. Don't you recollect, Alfred, that Robinson Crusoe found some money in the ship, and put it by in a drawer, and when, after some time, he found it again, he was almost angry with it, because it was of no use to him? I think a man might be better called rich when he can get every thing he wants easily.

Frederick. Or when he has kind relations and friends, who do all they can for him. Or perhaps a man is rich when he knows a good deal—when his *mind* is well stored.

Father. That is nearer the mark. Think once more. Sophia, it is your turn.

Sophia. May I answer by a text of Scripture, papa?

Father. Certainly.

Sophia repeated Revelations iii. 18, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich."

Father (looking round). And who else can repeat a verse to the same purpose?

"I can," said Frederick and Charles in the same breath.

Father. One at a time. The eldest first.

Frederick. James ii. 5, "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith."

Charles. 1 Tim. ii. 17, 18, "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. That they do good, that they be rich in good works."

Father. According to this you see that a man who is generally called rich, may be very poor.

Frederick. And just the contrary. As a man whom we call rich may be poor, so a man whom we call poor may be rich.

Father. Certainly. Now you can each of you form an estimate of your own wealth if you choose.

Charles. How, papa?

Father. By reading the Bible, prayer, and self examination. If you do this aright, you will perceive that, however rich in money, friends, or even in learning, you may think yourself, you are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, if you possess not these true riches.

Frederick. But is it not possible for us to become rich?

Father. Do you not remember Sophia's verse?—Who is it that counsels us to buy gold of him, that we may be rich?

Frederick. Jesus Christ.

Father. Then to Him you must apply. And from Him you will receive those riches that will never forsake you; and will not only continue *till* death, but *after* death, which cannot be said of other riches.—Besides, a man possessed of this is unlike those who impoverish others to enrich himself, for he is rich in proportion as his fellow-creatures are so.

WAR AND PEACE.

THAT celebrated statesman, the Earl of Clarendon, whose exemplary conduct was a satire on the profligate court of Charles II. exiled himself to France, where he wrote his history the civil war in England, and also an essay on War and Peace during his residence at Montpelier in 1679, from which follow a few detached paragraphs.

"They who allow no war at all to be lawful, have consulted both nature and religion much better than they who think it may be entered into, to comply with the ambition, covetousness, and revenge of the greatest princes and monarchs upon earth: as if God had inhibited single murders, and left mankind to be massacred according to the humour and appetite of unjust and unreasonable men, of what degree or quality soever. Of all the punishments and judgments that the provoked anger of the Divine Providence can pour out upon a nation full of transgressions, there is none so terrible and destroying as that of war. David knew he did wisely when he preferred and chose the plague before either of the other judgments that he was to undergo for numbering the people, though it cost him no less than seventy thousand subjects. There is nothing of real and substantial comfort in this world but what is the product of peace, and whatsoever we may lawfully and innocently take delight in is the fruit and effect of peace. The solemn service of God, and performing our duty to him in the exercise of regular devotion, which is the greatest business of our life, and in which we ought to take most delight, is the issue of peace.—War breaks all that order, interrupts all that devotion, and even extinguisheth all that zeal which peace had kindled in us, lays waste the dwelling-place of God as well as of man, and introduces and propagates opinions and practices as much against heaven as against earth, and erects a deity that delights

in nothing but cruelty and blood. A whole city on fire is a spectacle full of horror, but a whole kingdom on fire must be a prospect much more terrible, and such is every kingdom in war, where nothing flourishes but rapine, blood, and murder. The reverse of all this is peace, which in a moment extinguisheth all that fire, binds up all the wounds, and restores to all faces their natural vivacity and beauty. We cannot make a more lively representation and emblem to ourselves of hell than by the view of a kingdom in war, where there is nothing to be seen but destruction and fire, and the discord itself is a great part of the torment,—nor a more sensible reflection upon the joys of heaven than as it is all quiet and peace, and where nothing is to be discerned but concert and harmony, and what is amiable in all the circumstances of it,—and as far as we may warrantably judge of the inhabitants of either climate, they who live and cherish discord among men, and take delight in war, have large mansions provided for them in this region of faction and disagreement: as we may presume that they who set their hearts upon peace in this world, and labour to promote it in their several stations among all men, and who are instruments to prevent the breach of it amongst princes and states, or to renew it when it is broken, shall inherit a place and mansion in heaven, where there is only peace in that perfection, that all other blessings are comprehended in it, and a part of it."

SPIRIT LICENSES.

THE following is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, the American poetess:—

PETITION TO A LEGISLATURE FOR LICENSE TO SELL SPIRITUOUS LIQUOR.

May it please your honours to grant us permission to *kill?*

In what manner do you desire to kill? with the sword?

Your petitioners consider the sword as an antiquated way of extinguishing life. There is a savageness about it, and a useless effusion of blood. Wounds are inconvenient, and not always mortal. We wish to do our work with less trouble, and more effectually. Death by the sword is an unjust and partial system; it affects only those who are drawn up in battle-array. It falls entirely upon one sex. According to the theory of Malthus, there are more human beings created than the earth

is able to contain; therefore, it is necessary that a part be cut off, for the safety and subsistence of the whole. Now, as there are fully as many women in the world as men, some process of diminution ought to be devised, in which they should bear due proportion. We petition for leave to kill women and children as well as men. We pray that power may be given us to enter the domestic sanctuary, and to slay by the fire-side, as well as in the battle-field.

Do you prefer the use of gunpowder to the sword?

May it please your honours, none reverence more than ourselves the invention of gunpowder. As an expeditious and commodious way of freeing the earth of her supernumeraries, it is truly admirable; nevertheless, we are not perfectly satisfied to adopt it. It is too local in its operations. When the field is once covered with the dead, the thunder of the cannon ceases. Battles are not of frequent occurrence. We prefer to employ an agent that needs no rest; and that night and day may follow the work of destruction.

It would seem, then, that pestilence or famine must be summoned as executioners of your commission?

We suppose that the plague may be imported, and we know that it has produced great effects.—The cities of the east have been humbled in sackcloth before it, and desolated London anciently inscribed with the red cross and "Lord, have mercy upon us," the doors of her smitten and almost tenantless dwellings. The past year, too, in the opening graves of our own land, told how fearful was even the lightest footstep of the destroyer, "walking in darkness." Famine, also, has withered whole nations. They have blighted and faded away; "stricken through for want of the fruits of the field." But the earth soon renovated herself, and was again clothed with plenty. The harvest whitened, and the grape filled its clusters. The flocks that had vanished from the fold returned, and the herds lowed in their stalls. Health and fulness of bread banished away every trace of weeping and of woe. Not only is the dominion of pestilence and famine transient; but their sway is also restricted. In the height of their power, they kill only the *body*. They have no authority over the *soul*. We desire a broader commission. We request liberty to "*kill the soul as well as the body!*"

What tremendous agent do you then seek, before whom the ravages of war, and pestilence, and famine, are forgotten?

May it please you to grant our petition for a license to sell *ardent spirits!*

GOD'S ORDINANCES.

COMMUNICATIONS with God, in the mode which he has appointed, are seasons of especial refreshing to the believer.

The ordinances of God are the divinely appointed means of salvation; but the God of ordinances is the author of salvation.

Do the Lord's work, in the Lord's time, and in the Lord's way. Pray while he hears, hear while he speaks, believe while he promises, and obey while he commands.

The ordinances of God are but little understood, until the conscience is once awakened; then a man knows the evil of sin, the worth of the soul, the want of a Saviour, and the exceeding value of the means of grace.

A faithful child of God will be prompt to perform any duty simply because the Lord enjoins it.

Strict obedience is the best proof of *sincere faith.*

That man has no sense of mercy, who wants a sense of duty.

SCOLDING.

"Now don't *scold* at me," said a little boy to his mother; "I had as lief be *whipt* as scolded at." And so say I. Don't scold at your children, Christian parents, or if you are not Christians, don't scold; for all scolding is breath wasted. It may benefit a child to reason patiently with him, and very likely it will; but all *scolding* only serves to make him worse and worse. Of this I am more and more convinced the longer I live. When I see a parent trying to govern his family by scolding, I think that he has begun wrong, and has never yet learned to govern himself. To subdue and govern our passions is the very *first* step in family government. Be as firm as the hills, and as immoveable as the mountains, in your commands and requirements of your children; but never lose your *patience* and fly in a passion, and form a wretched and sinful habit of scolding at them. Here the parent is lost in the *tyrant.* You never will, you never *can* benefit your child, unless he is first made sensible of his fault. Scold as long as you will, he is only irritated, but not convinced. Reason

coolly and affectionately, and he is subdued. Above all, let him know that your commands are founded on the commands of God. Parents should use the means God has put into their hands *more*, and their own wisdom less, if they would have his blessing. But if this is too great a tax upon our patience, scolding will be no less. If you wish to lose the affections of your children, then scold at them, and they will soon learn to despise you. If you wish them to view you as a tyrant who has no affection for them, and delights only to make them unhappy, then be continually storming at them, and you will succeed to a miracle. If you could wish them to hide their faults, and try to deceive you in that respect, and effectually destroy every principle that could lead them in any case to an honest confession, scold at them and the point is soon gained. In short, if you would destroy in their minds every inducement to doing well, and take away every encouragement to obedience and every virtuous principle,—if you would have them fretful, peevish, and quarrelsome,—form a habit of scolding and you will set them an example; they will probably fare the same, be their conduct what it may, for they will in all probability be scolded at do what they will.

But to be serious, scolding only excites anger in a child; and parents are commanded not to provoke them to wrath. It is believed that, in many cases, a fretful disposition is formed and cherished in children, by beholding an example of it in their parents. If the sins of such parents are visited upon their children, or if they are made to suffer in their old age for their neglect of duty to their children, they must not think it strange. O ye Christian parents and guardians, is it becoming your profession thus to conduct yourselves towards those committed to your care? Can you expect that they can profit by your instructions, if their hearts are steeled, by your treatment of them, against all you can say? Must they form their estimate of religion by what they behold in your conduct? We *must* reform, and for ever quit this shameful *sinful* practice, and use milder measures for their good, or we shall never succeed. We must have their *affections*, or we never can do their souls good. Let us first learn to govern *ourselves*, and then, with our hearts raised to God, consider seriously and prayerfully what ought to be done, and pursue such measures with patience and perseverance. Let us treat them as rational creatures, and tell them again and again what God requires of them; and not be discouraged. What better method can we take? I do not say, lay the rod aside entirely. No such thing; but let it be

accompanied with affectionate reproof, and not with scolding.—Scolding is always an indication of impatience and anger; but reproof is perfectly consistent with affection and patience. Let us look back to the days of youth, and remember what our feelings then were; and let us make the experiment upon our children, and see if it is not wise and judicious. Let us suppose that Christian reproof was given in an angry, scolding manner (and I fear it sometimes partakes too largely of such a spirit); and might it not as well be entirely let alone? Christian parents, be patient, oh be patient. Be persevering: be not discouraged. Do not counteract, by your conduct, all you can say to your children; and thus put it out of your power ever to benefit them in the things which belong to their everlasting peace. Remember, too, that you are accountable to God for the feeling of heart with which you correct them.

A Parent.

PARENTS, PLEASE READ THIS.

Were you to suffer your children to go naked,—to perish with hunger,—were you to leave them in sickness to die alone,—you would be shunned as monsters. But you are far more deserving of execration, if you infamously disregard their spiritual and everlasting welfare. Doubtless Herod was viewed with horror by those who had witnessed the massacre of the infants of Bethlehem; but he was far less cruel than some of you. He slew the children of others; you destroy your own. He only killed the body; you destroy both body and soul in hell. Had you any real love to your children, what would be your feelings in life, to see them going astray, and verifying by the evils of their conduct, that the way of transgressors is hard,—while conscious that you have done nothing to secure them from it! But what, at death, would you think of a meeting that must take place between you and your children, in the great day! Then they will rise up against you in the judgment, and cause you to be put to death.—"Cursed be the day of my birth! Why died I not from the womb? Why was I not as a hidden untimely birth, as infants that never see light? Thou father and thou mother, the instruments of my being, to you I am under no obligations. You only consulted your barbarous inclinations. You gave me an existence over which you watched while I could not be guilty; but mercilessly aban-

doned me as soon as I became responsible. As the creature of a day you have provided for me; but as an immortal, you left me—you made me to perish. I execrate your cruelty,—I call for damnation upon your heads,—and the only relief of the misery to which you have consigned me is, that I can reproach and torment you for ever."

From such a dreadful scene, how delightful is it to think what a happy meeting there will be between those who have blessed their households and the favoured subjects of their pious care! Yea, without going forward to this period of mutual and happy acknowledgment, what a joy unspeakable and full of glory must such benefactors feel even now, when they hear a servant saying, "Blessed be God for the hour I entered such a family. I was as ignorant and careless as a heathen, but there the eyes of my understanding were opened—there my feet were turned into the path of peace." Or when they hear a child confessing, "Oh, what a privilege that I was born of such parents! How early did they teach me to know the Holy Scriptures! How soon they led me to the Throne of Grace; and, by teaching me to pray, furnished me with the best privilege of life! How patiently they watched, and how tenderly they cherished, and how wisely they directed, every pious sentiment and every holy purpose! And,

> "As a bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> They tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

It is thus their children rise up and call them blessed!—*Jay's Christian Contemplated.*

LIBERTY SACRIFICED IN THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

"Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake."—Phil. i. 29.

One would have thought that Paul's imprisonment would have hindered the Gospel. But though he was bound, the word of the Lord was not bound. Through Paul's imprisonment at Rome, the Gospel was carried at once to the very heart of the Roman empire, from which, as from a radiating

centre, it circulated to the remotest extremities. Many were induced by curiosity to visit him in his captivity, and many timid brethren were excited by the example of his heroic fortitude, to preach the word without fear. The Gospel made its way into the palace of Nero, and had converts in his household. Many of Paul's epistles were the fruit of his captive hours. When he could no longer move round the world preaching salvation by his living voice, he took up the pen in his captivity, and we have in his epistles an imperishable memorial of his inspired wisdom—an invaluable legacy by which he has left the church his debtor to the end of time. His captivity, which seemed to be a hinderance to the Gospel, proved to be a furtherance of the Gospel. He tells us, himself, that his captivity, instead of hindering the work of grace in his own soul, "turned out to his salvation, through prayer and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." Study Thes. i. 12, 20.

Extensive good wrought by means of the imprisonment of an individual, has been exemplified in a variety of instances. What benefits resulted from Joseph's imprisonment in Egypt —from the confinement of Jeremiah in the dungeon—from Daniel's captivity in Babylon—from Peter's imprisonment at Jerusalem—and from John's banishment to the isle of Patmos.

Modern history is not wanting in illustrations of the happy effects which have flowed from the sacrifice of personal liberty in the cause of Christ.

For ten months, Luther was shut up in the castle of Wartenberg; but there he translated a great part of the New Testament into German; there he wrote his notes to the Evangelists; there he composed several treatises in refutation of his enemies,—treatises which greatly advanced the cause of reformation, and which, but for his confinement, might never have been produced.

In a lonely monastery on the banks of the Rhine, John Huss, the Bohemian reformer, was kept a prisoner for many years, and he there employed his solitary hours in composing several treatises highly useful to the church.

It was in prison, that Buchanan composed his celebrated version of the Psalms.

It was in prison that the celebrated Grotius produced his admirable treatise, "On the truth of the Christian Religion."

It was in prison that Bunyan wrote his matchless allegory, The Pilgrim's Progress. In the jail of Bedford was that great and holy man a prisoner for twelve years and a half,

and all simply because that Bunyan being a dissenter, would not refrain from preaching the Gospel of Christ, when forbidden by the bishops. Liberty was offered him on condition that he would not preach; but with dauntless honesty he replied, "If you let me out to-day, I shall preach again to-morrow."

To these instances may be added the case of Bernard Palissy, an eminent French Protestant. Palissy was one of the most extraordinary men of his time; had greatly benefitted his country by improvements in the arts, and escaped the Bartholemew massacre only by the especial favour of Bloody Charles the Ninth, king of France. He was soon, however, imprisoned on account of his religion in the Bastile. He was there visited by the king, who told him, that if he did not comply with the established (Romish) religion, he, the king, should be *forced*, however unwillingly, to leave him to his enemies. "*Forced*," replied Palissy; "this is not to speak like a king: but they who *force* you, *cannot force me, I can* DIE." He was never liberated, but died in the Bastile, a martyr at least in *heart*, "for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus." Oh! for the spirit that was in such men! Oh! for the heart of Paul, whose motto was, "Let Christ be magnified in my body whether it be by life or by death."

AFFLICTION THE MEANS OF CONVERSION TO A YOUTHFUL SCEPTIC.

"And when he came to himself."—Luke xv. 17.

IN the *United Secession Magazine* for October, 1834, we have the following authentic account of the conversion of the Son of the late Rev. Archibald Harper, Minister of the United Secession Church, Borrowstonness, who died on the 5th May, 1834.

His son was a youth of superior talents, with an inquisitive and rather speculative turn of mind. In the course of his education as a student of medicine, through the books which he read, the companions with whom he associated, and the adventurousness of his own intellect, he was led to indulge in loose notions of religion. All the while he was a young man of the *most blameless morals*. Heavy and long continued affliction was the discipline which his heavenly Father employed to draw the erring youth to himself. For a length of time no sanctified effect was apparent. Occasionally he gave scope to

his free-thinking speculations. Impressed, however, with a conviction of the necessity of fixed opinion in relation to the foundation of belief, he commenced, under his father's direction, a diligent perusal of the principal works on the evidences of the Christian religion. He would take nothing on trust. Every point he examined with minute and persevering scrutiny. His *motive was sincere:* his spirit became *prayerful;* and his inquiries issued in a clear and settled *conviction of the divinity of the Gospel*—a conviction never after clouded or impaired. His progress in Scriptural views of the truth was now rapid: his experience of the power of religion was deep and strong: and months before he died, he grew to a ripeness in all holiness of mind and conversation which filled the soul of his father with praise, and his own soul with peace and joy. As his end drew near, he spoke of death with the composure of one going to change his dress; blessed God for his afflictions; and declared that he would not for any bribe the world could offer him exchange his death-bed peace, with all his sufferings, for long life with the outward gaiety and inward restlessness which marked the period of his vanity and unbelief.

THE UBIQUITY OF THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

"Whither shall I flee from thy presence?" "The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy."

Lord Craven lived in London at the time of the Great Plague. To avoid infection he resolved to retire to his country seat. His carriage was at the door, and as he was walking through the hall, drawing on his gloves, in order to step in, he overheard his negro postillion saying to another servant, "I suppose, by my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country and not in the town." The negro said this not sarcastically, but in the simplicity of his heart; for he had been brought up a heathen, and believed that there were many gods. The speech arrested Lord Craven. "My God," thought he, "lives every where, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I 'll stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief and distrust of thy Providence, which made me think of running from thy hand." The consequence was, he ordered up his carriage, continued in London, made himself remarkably useful during the plague, and never caught the infection.

STUART ON THE TRINITY.

The doctrine of the Trinity, and of the Incarnation and Atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, established by an Appeal to the Word of God; including a Refutation of Modern Unitarianism. By the Rev. DAVID STUART, *Dublin. Price, Sixpence.*

THE title of the above work is long, and it promises much, but not more than it performs. Any person wanting a very luminous, well-arranged, condensed, and scriptural view of the important subjects mentioned in the title, may have it in Mr. Stuart's work. Any person having neither time nor inclination to wade through large or abstruse volumes, may have a chief part of their substance compressed in Mr. Stuart's pamphlet. Any person having little money to spare, or desirous to make a small sum do much good, may find in it, either for his own reading or for giving to others, an immense mass of sound scriptural divinity, at a small price, put into a very useful and attractive, as well as original form, by one of the ablest biblical scholars, and soundest and most popular preachers of the present day.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOPE OF THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL IN THE BURMESE EMPIRE.

THE following extracts from the Baptist Missionary Register, show that a wide and effectual door is open in Burmah for the diffusion of the Gospel. The Rev. Mr. Kincaid, describing a voyage up the Irawaddy, from Rangoon to Ava, a distance of 700 miles, writes, that he found the people eager to hear, and to get books.

One man says, Many months ago he got a book in Rangoon that told him about the eternal God, who made all things; and about Christ, who died to open a way for the forgiveness of sin. He says, the more he has thought of this, the more it *sticks* in him, that it is true. I gave him two tracts, and Luke and John.

In entering one village, he adds, a young man of an interesting appearance came near and said, 'Will you please to give me St. John's History of Christ, and the Acts of the Aposties?' 'Did you ever read these books?' 'Yes, teacher Judson gave them to me in Prome; but when the city was burnt, I lost the books.' I gave him the books

and four tracts, and he immediately disappeared in the crowd. Soon after this we moved our boat one or two miles farther up the town, where we would be more secure from the wind. I could not help thinking of this young man, but did not expect to see him again. However, at dark, he made his appearance, and said,—'There is a man in this city, besides me, who believes in Jesus Christ; and he wants to see the teacher and get books; but he thinks the boat is away, and has sent me to search.' We followed the young man; and how were we surprised, and overjoyed, to find a venerable old man full of faith and hope in Christ, though he had no other teacher than St. John's History of Christ, and [a tract called] the View, accompanied by the influence of the Holy Spirit. He said he had loved Christ for about two years; and his language was that of a man acquainted with his own heart. He spoke distinctly of the carnal and spiritual mind — of regeneration and baptism. The young man before mentioned had heard brother Judson preach in Prome, and had got books: afterwards, he had brought them to this town, and read them to this old man; and both, I trust, are born of God. I do not know when I have spent such an evening. To find two pilgrims in this great desert—to hear them speak so boldly and decidedly of their love to Christ in the presence of more than forty persons—filled me with joy. Surely this is the work of God! The power of the Cross is felt in this dark land. O Burmah! Burmah! cast away thine idols, and hear the word of the Lord.

In another village, he says, a man of about forty years old told me, some months ago he read a book, that made known to him the Living God. At first he remained careless, but afterwards his mind shook, as he expressed himself, and he was afraid to worship idols any more; at the same time, he knew not how to worship the Eternal God. 'Can you, Sir, give me the Divine communication?' I gave him all the Epistles, the View, and Catechism. 'Here,' said I, 'are the words of the Most High God; you must believe in Christ, and pray for Divine light.

CIRCULATION OF THE WORD OF GOD IN CHINA.

Mr. Gutzlaff has made several voyages along the east coast of China, for the purpose of speaking to the people on religion, and distributing portions of the Scriptures and Christian books. In the journal of his third voyage, speaking of his visit to the town of Chapoo, which is five miles in circuit, he observes,—

In one of our excursions I took a box of books with me. We had visited a temple upon a high hill, which overlooks all this populous region. When I took the books out of the boat, and handed a copy to a man of respectable appearance, he read aloud the title, and all at once the crowd rushed upon me, hundreds stretching out their hands to receive the same gift. Within a few minutes my stock was exhausted. The news spread with great rapidity. We saw the people sitting for six hours together on the brow of a hill, opposite to which our vessel was lying at anchor. As soon as they saw us approaching near to the shore, they ran down the hill with great speed, grasped the books from my hands, and hastened to their friends in the surrounding villages. If ever our Christian books have been read with attention, it was here at this time. We took a wide range in the ad-

jacent country, and were really astonished at the general knowledge which these silent preachers had spread. Let us not deny to curiosity her full share in this stir; yet, the Gospel may be said to have flown here on eagles' wings. We leave the result to God.

Mr. Gutzlaff thus describes a subsequent visit:—

Having replenished my stock of books, I went again on shore. I was almost overwhelmed by the number of priests who ran down upon us, begging at least a tract. Of these I had taken great quantities, but was soon stripped of all, and had to refuse numerous applications.

CONTINENTAL SOCIETY.

Extract of a Letter from Rev. Henri Pyt.

Paris.—In this metropolis, which may be considered as the *focus* of the infidelity which reigns in France, there are numberless impediments in the way of the Gospel. One is ready to think that Satan has accumulated here all the means which he holds at his disposal, to turn men aside from seeking to be reconciled with God, and to blind the eyes of their understanding, so that the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should not shine in their hearts. Political passions, the whirlwind of business, the attractions of worldly pleasures, and the innumerable subjects of mental distraction, among which I rank first, the fruits of a decidedly impious press, which, like a torrent keeps increasing more and more every day: all these occupy the mind of the public to such an extent, that the inhabitants of this great city can find neither room nor time to attend to the message of God to men. It is only those who live in the midst of such an atmosphere of unbelief as this, who can form an adequate idea of the sway which the prince of this world exercises here. The Christian, in order to stand, must needs exercise the utmost vigilance, whilst the Lord's servants, in order that their efforts may not prove altogether useless, must need labour night and day. The flock whom the Lord has gathered around me here, has been increasing during the year. About this time twelvemonths it was composed of about sixty converted souls, and now, through God's grace, it amounts to seventy-three; most of whom are decided Christians, full of spiritual life,—who are my joy and my consolation, and who inspire me with courage and strength.

Versailles.—Whilst the church and congregation which the Lord gave me the oversight of in Paris, is composed almost entirely of Protestants, at Versailles I have hardly any but Roman Catholics. The Protestants of that town, who are but few in number, have a church and a Pastor of their own: therefore on my arrival there, I was of necessity compelled to direct my steps towards the Roman Catholic population. Protestants there in general have given up the vital doctrines of the Reformation; their leaders under pretence of enlightened notions of liberty and of progressive knowledge, hold up those doctrines to their hearers, as valuable only for the days of ancient times, when the Reformation took place, but obsolete for the *enlightened times* in which they pretend to say we are now living; consequently those precious doctrines are despised, and those who proclaim them are looked upon as beings worthy of pity and at the same time to be feared. The Roman Catholics, on the contrary, like to hear any one talk to them of Jesus as God the Saviour.

Fundamental truths do not meet amongst them with that spirit of opposition which partakes of hatred, as they do among the Protestants generally. Thus there was a perfect contrast in the reception I met with at Versailles between that showed me by the Roman Catholics and that by the Protestants: the latter fled from me as from a being who excites terror, the former filled my chapel the second time it was opened to the public. A Christian church was formed at Versailles, all the members of which, except three, who are English, have come out of the Romish Church. The conversion of some of them was very remarkable. I shall mention that of an officer on half-pay. Having spent the whole of his life in camps and amidst the din of war, he knew nothing of true religion; he married a Spanish lady who, like him, knew little or nothing of the truth as it is in Jesus. This officer, who is of a cool and thinking turn of mind, in no way communicative, attended one of our meetings, when God met him there, and the arrow of conviction was lodged in his bosom. He kept to himself, however, the impression he had received through the blessing of God; but as that arrow of conviction had penetrated deeply into his heart, he continued to attend our meetings. His wife who was of a religious disposition, but only after the Spanish fashion, consented one day to accompany her husband to one of our public services: the grace of our Lord entered her heart in the course of that service which she attended for the first time; but as she is of a more communicative disposition than her husband, she could not contain what passed in her heart, she requested to have an interview with me, in the course of which I discovered the true state of her and her husband's mind. Their joy was great when the Spirit of God opened their hearts, to feel more fully, after understanding it better, the doctrine of free salvation. They have persevered since that time without any variation, and are both objects of edification to their brethren. That Spanish sister was too deeply sensible of the happy state of mind she felt, not to speak of it. A few weeks afterwards she brought to our meetings along with her a whole Roman Catholic family, who a twelvemonth afterwards were added to the church. That family, in their turn, brought others, of whom we begin to entertain great hopes. A respectable Roman Catholic woman, seeing one day in the hands of a neighbour a small tract we had given her, wished to read it; and after its perusal she began to attend our meetings. Her soul being prepared, she experienced an earnest wish to comprehend more fully what she heard from the pulpit. Being naturally timid, she could not make up her mind to have an interview with the minister, although she had expressed a wish to that effect. However, she made up her mind to have the desired interview, in the course of which she unfolded her soul. Those two souls thus prepared, previous to their coming among us, received the Word with gladness, and were added to the church.

ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS FOR PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS IN CANADA.

Professor Edgar has lately received a letter from the Rev. George M'Clatchy of Canada, as the representative of the United

Synod of Upper Canada, in which he expresses the earnest solicitude of that body to obtain assistance in their labours by the emigration from this country of Presbyterian ministers, who can be properly recommended. There is in Canada a very wide and encouraging field for ministerial labour, with a prospect of competent support, as each minister receives from the British Government Seventy-five pounds per annum; and if other congregations pay as well as the two over which Mr. M'Clatchy has been ordained, the situation of a minister of the Gospel in Canada must be much more independent than in this country. Among other works which Mr. M'Clatchy mentions as likely to meet with a rapid sale in Canada, he particulariy specifies Paul's Refutation of Arianism.

LINES

Written on the Death of Miss. E. O. M.

Though valued by all, for ever she 's gone,
Her presence was wanted in bliss;
To bid her return would be cruel, we own,
The rod of correction we kiss.

She 's gone to be one of the heavenly band,
Who are washed in their Saviour's blood;
To dwell in her home in the long promised land,
Happy for ever with God.

She 's gone; but she stands with angels before
His presence who 's mighty to save;
Her suff'ring, and pain, and grief are no more—
We buried them all in her grave.

See yon cold river with dark swelling wave,
Yon Jordan to Canaan near!
She cross'd it in triumph; Christ victory gave,
And banish'd all doubting and fear.

Angels rejoice as they hear a voice say
From the throne of the heavenly king,
Come hither, my daughter, come hither and stay,
My manifold wisdom to sing.

Hark! bark! her young voice with heaven's choir unites,
A louder hosanna to raise;
More fully to bless the Father of lights—
More widely to publish his praise.

Katesbridge, Oct. 14th, 1834. E.

Wilson, Printer, 70, High-street.